Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter
And he will make it plain.

—*William Cowper*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914. NUMBER 1

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—*Pope.*

"Watchful waiting wins in Mexico." So says *The Commoner*. So says the grateful citizen throughout the United States. Perhaps so dream the uneasy heads that are now trying to wear their crowns.

Our editorial table is laden with words of indignation over the present horrible situation in Europe. One correspondent says:

"The most horrible thing to me about the war so far is not the slaughter of men, but the terrible blasphemy of emperors. If people have such a mean conception of the All Father, how can they be anything but brutes? If the devil is their god and they make him such why do they not pray to the devil and not blaspheme Deity? It all comes back to religion after all, does it not?"

UNITY is not much of a Presbyterian judged by the standard of *The Continent,* the national organ of that denomination, but we quite agree with it when it puts in a plea for the Church Fathers. Not only would the Church, but civilization "lose immensely if it should cast aside the books that seem old. * * * * When a book has lived for centuries it can be generally trusted that it has said a word which the human heart has found true in all times and under all conditions."

The Negro Farmer, a bi-weekly published at Tuskegee, Alabama, under the able leadership of Isaac Fisher, whom the readers of UNITY first knew as principal of the Arkansas Industrial College for Colored People, lies before us with an attractive frontispiece and suggestive pages. "Book farming" is no longer the scandal of the hard worker in the fields. His sneers have been suppressed. It has been demonstrated that science is practical; machinery, labor saving; and brains, good fertilizers.

The farmers have been baffled often in their effort to free their fields from the Canadian thistle and quack-grass that infests them. Professor Stone of the College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, now comes forward with the suggestion that one crop of hemp in a properly fertilized field will triumph over these pests. At one time hemp suggested the hangman's rope, but to the farmers it now suggests binding twine and comfortable linen garments. This lesson from the fields has its spiritual suggestion. Prepare the field and sow the seed for a legitimate crop and the illegitimate pests that grow in the spiritual fields will be suppressed.

Collier's is publishing a "remarkable story of England at war," entitled "Danger," written last May by A. Conan Doyle as a warning, hoping to save England from the physical wastefulness and the moral wickedness of war. Prophets, poets, philanthropists, and philosophers through all the thinking years of humanity have protested and still the horrible waste goes on, but century by century the wastefulness grows more clear, the wickedness is more felt. Perhaps this demonstration will go farther than A. Conan Doyle's imagination. Be that as it may the Peace Angel is to triumph. The graphic pictures which this and other journals are offering the reading public stir more disgust than enthusiasm, more pity than sympathy, more condemnation than approval.

The physical phenomenon of a storm clearing the atmosphere is finding in these days an illustration of Emerson's saying that the laws above are twin to the laws below. There is a storm, a civic and spiritual storm in Europe that is clearing the atmosphere. It is showing the impiety that in this Twentieth Century presumes on the "divine right of kings," the sacrilege of those who would pray for the blessing of Almighty God upon their butcheries of war and the fallacy, spiritual and physical, of the assumption that to be "prepared for war is to avoid war." It is to be hoped that the American people, at least, are sufficiently removed to find the proper perspective that will enable them to see the fiendishness in Theodore Roosevelt's phlisophy of the Big Stick and the foolishness of Hobson's scare screechings that wants more battleships that we may have no more wars.

A Wisconsin church committee announces that on opening the bids for their new church building they were found to be 50 per cent greater than that which the congregation expected to put into the building. The news item tells us that the officers of the church are to determine "whether they shall seek to modify the specifications or attempt to raise the larger sum." This is a reasonable proposition and if they will honestly take hold of either horn of this dilema, all will be well. But alas, if they yield to the temptations of

too many to "go ahead anyhow" and trust to Providence for that 50 per cent additional! This is bargaining for the damnation that goes with a mortgage, the curse that overhangs a debt. Better pay as you go, gentlemen! Put up with the smaller church or come down with the ducats. That can not be righteous business for a church that is bad policy and poor morals in trade.

H. G. Wells comes forward with a sane suggestion that the pugilistic tendencies in men and among nations be reduced to the minimum and that kings, presidents, parliaments and congresses be relieved from the insinuating corruption of private shipbuilders and gunmakers. If instruments of destruction from the terrible breech-loading cannon, a single vomit of which costs $1,500 or more to the pocket pistol, are to be made, let them be made by the government without profit to private organizations and handled only by governmental authority. The man with a gun is dangerous enough when under legal restriction and military discipline; he is absolutely obnoxious and a menace when uncontrolled. In times of excitement and social intensity, the men who are the first to come out with their guns and are ready to enforce law and order by using the same are those who in times of tranquility are themselves a menace and a source of anxiety, the perpetrators of the depredations upon the community in which they live.

It seems scarcely necessary to remind our readers once more that the Editor of UNITY is responsible for only such opinions as appear in the unsigned Editorial Departments. Both circumstances and convictions limit the use of the blue pencil in the columns of UNITY. We are more anxious to edit men than we are to edit their opinions and those whose character, standing and attainments commend themselves to our judgment are welcomed to our columns unedited so far as the conditions of courtesy, good English and the main purpose of UNITY and our limited space permit. Our reviewers and other contributers may often speak approvingly of men, measures and books that might not meet with the approval of the Editor, but we trust to the intelligence of our readers and to the balancing of opinion in the general trend of our editorial work to keep UNITY on lines dear to the heart of the Editorial corps and to keep it true to the fundamental commitment: Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

The "One New Subscriber Movement."

In response to the editorial in UNITY of August 6, the mail has brought us many words of cheer. One professor on our exchange list says:

"Your appeal makes me blush at not having come across long ago with something for the fund. You are to blame, however, for having let the service run on. You are rather better natured than we are in connection with some of our journals. I have always enjoyed UNITY. If you will tell me how long I have been on the list I will see if I can not raise enough money to cover the period at the regular subscription rates. Then perhaps I will find another subscriber too."

Another college man says:

"I am always interested in UNITY, and while I cannot now propose "one new subscriber," I take pleasure in enclosing a small contribution toward the work which UNITY is promoting. I read UNITY with great interest, and, as I suggested to a friend of mine last evening, find something of value in each number."

A minister from Iowa says:

"A bright paper; discriminating notes on current events; excellent quotable poetry; thoughtful and scholarly sermonic and Sunday School class work."

A prominent leader among women, a daughter of one of the great men who in his day was a national leader on high lines, writes:

"I will try to induce at least one friend to send for UNITY. I feel sure that if the experiment is made for a year the one receiving the paper can never do without it again. When I expressed to my father my apprehension that after his departure I should get 'muddled' on great questions and stray off after false gods, his reply was that if I continued to read UNITY for spiritual sustenance, and *The Nation* for political direction, I would not go very much wrong.

* * *

"Oh, this awful war darkens all these bright August days. Women could do more than they do if they but appreciated their power and their present lethargy. Their advance is pitifully slow, but this is no more remarkable than is the stupidity and lack of conscience of so many so-called 'good' men."

Many others of our friends join with the university man first quoted above in a gentle rebuke over the lack of business severity in the management of UNITY. We are told that we are too easy. That we give the paper away that ought to be paid for. That our goods would be more appreciated if we estimated them more highly ourselves.

Perhaps this is so, very likely it is so, at least we plead guilty to the soft impeachment and still our confession is not sufficiently profound to lead to much of a change in our policy. We reiterate the fact so often set forth in private correspondence and otherwise that we are editing UNITY not for dollars but for readers, that wherever we find a loving reader who tries to pass along the message of UNITY we find our own notwithstanding a "lack of business," which our commercial critics sometimes urge.

In all humility we beg to urge that business or no business we have been able to pay one hundred cents on the dollar for all manufacturing costs through the period of thirty-five years. We have never skipped a number and we owe no man anything but love and gratitude, although current bills are depending on the integrity of our subscribers and on the generosity of the friends who are developing the endowment fund. If those who believe in UNITY will only pay up their subscriptions to date and those who can do more will help us out on the last thousand of our thirty thousand dollar fund and then, cheered by these

achievements, every subscriber will go out in search for the "one more," we will be on Easy Street as we never have been before.

During the more than thirty-five years of management the Senior Editor has had many anxious though no dispairing moments. He has had some troubles but none of them insurmountable. He has been called upon many times to grit his teeth but never let go.

As it has been, so is it now. UNITY is going on. You are invited to get aboard and go along with it conquering to conquer.

Thank you, friends!

And so with good heart we spread sail and fare forth for another voyage, beginning with this issue, the seventy-fourth volume of UNITY, which, if completed on the last Thursday of February next, will complete the thirty-sxth year of UNITY life, a long voyage measured by the life of an editor, a short voyage measured by the flight of time. Many friends who embarked with us have disembarked. Some at ports of Time, some at the ports of Eternity, but a goodly number who started with the adventure still occupy its decks and are looking cheerfully forward. Other bands, perhaps less loved but as faithful, have come aboard during the voyage and are ready to spy fresh sails on the horizon and to cry "Ship Ahoy!" to any gallant brig that flies the banner of progress, religious service and spiritual democracy.

A PRAYER

I kneel not now to pray that Thou
  Make white one single sin,
I only kneel to thank thee, Lord,
  For what I have not been—

For deeds which sprouted in my heart
  But ne'er to bloom were brought,
For monstrous vices which I slew
  In the shambles of my thought—

Dark seeds the world has never guessed,
  By hell and passion bred,
Which never grew beyond the bud
  That cankered in my head.

Some said I was a righteous man—
  Poor fools! The gallows tree
(If thou hadst let one foot to slip)
  Had grown a limb for me.

So for the man I might have been
  My heart must cease to mourn—
'Twere best to praise the living Lord
  For monsters never born,

To bend the spiritual knee
  (Knowing myself within)
And thank the kind benignant God
  For what I have not been.

Poetry Review. —*Harry Kemp.*

Biennial Convention of the National Association of Colored Women

At Wilberforce, Ohio, August 9, 1914.

There has been another biennial convention of women's clubs, but this time the press has not kept the public informed as to its program, its scope or its aims. Therefore when Zona Gale and I were privileged to receive an invitation to attend this convention through our fellowship with the Frederick Douglass Center, we accepted, expecting possibly to see some good reason why this group of 400 delegates, representing 50,000 other club women, should be isolated to do their work unaided by groups of white women doing exactly the same work simply because there was some fancied racial characteristic or a difference in the complexion which keep them apart.

The convention met at Wilberforce University, one of the oldest schools for colored people in the country. The school was opened in 1847 and was incorporated as a university in 1856. It is co-educational, is well equipped, has its trades building with fine auditorium in Galloway Hall, where the convention met.

The thirty university buildings are ideally situated three and a half miles from Xenia, among splendid oak trees and on well-kept lawns.

We arrived with many others and were duly registered and assigned to one of the dormitories before our racial difference was discovered, and one of us might have gone through the entire session without discovery based upon physical characteristics had we not said that we were there upon invitation of the president of the association. We were then taken to the home of the president of the university, where we were cared for with generous hospitality by Prof. and Mrs. Scorborough during our entire stay.

The reception to the delegates in the evening was marked by nothing to distinguish it from any other well dressed, well mannered body of club women except perhaps that there was a modesty and fitness of dressing not often seen in similar assemblies.

The regular session opened on Tuesday morning with Mrs. Booker T. Washington in the chair. The program included men who did not differ from men in other groups who failed to keep within the time limit of speaking and who sometimes forgot that they were not speaking to intellectual inferiors or to children. They were indulgently dealt with by the president, an indulgence which was never shown to women, for no paper was allowed to go beyond the time assigned to it.

The program contained reports from nearly every state in the Union, showing an amount of charitable and welfare work hardly realized by those not in touch with the work. Such subjects as "Suffrage," "The Negro in Literature," "How May the Club Spirit Best Serve the Community Life of Which We are a Part," "The Cause of Temperance," "Health and Hygiene," "Tuberculosis," etc. At one time during the session when enthusiasm ran high over some report and handkerchiefs were waved the audience was requested not to repeat such manifestation for fear of germs which might be scattered in so large an assembly. We two white women, whom I repeat could not be distinguished from many others there on account of our color, hung our heads with shame that these scholarly and interesting papers on subjects of universal interest

should be denied to any group of women because of some artificial barrier. We were surprised and pleased to be treated so generously as to be called to sit upon the platform, and we were almost shamefaced to be the only members of the white race to be present when the hall was open to the public if it cared to come.

Miss Gale was called upon to speak and told of the social center as a means of promoting acquaintanceship and understanding since those who are interested in developing the social centers are in promoting not *race* brotherhood, but *Brotherhood,* and closed with the quatrain of Markham's:

"He drew a circle which shut us out,
He called us enemy, man to flout.
We, through love had the wit to win,
We drew a circle which shut him in."

Only once was bitterness shown toward the race which has done so much to merit it. Someone suggested that a resolution of sympathy be sent to the President of the United States because of the illness of his wife, when quick as a flash someone who believed she had a grievance against the administration protested against it, giving in impassioned words her reasons. Another followed, then from the part of the room occupied by delegates from the far South a tall, dark woman came into the aisle and with a voice which commanded attention said: "We who stand beneath our motto, 'Lifting as we climb;' we who would eliminate prejudice from our souls must be more generous. 'He called us enemy—but—*we* will draw the circle and shut him in." For once the able president could hardly preserve order. We two white women clutched our throats trying to keep the sobs back when the resolution was passed and sent to *our* President of our United States.

The session closed on the fourth day, and we left knowing that our lives had been enriched by contact with these people who differ from us in no way in their ability in their work or in their ambition, and their so-called "racial characteristics" are rapidly disappearing with cultural advantages, and that we of the dominant race are excluding much that would be of universal benefit by drawing artificial lines of exclusiveness.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

A HOMING THOUGHT

How fitting, when we stretch our empty arms
As if we hoped God would give back our own,
That we should lift them to the great, star-sown,
Still field of night, where evermore God farms
His vast infinity that nothing harms;
For thither lies the open; there the drift
Of mighty change; the steady sweep and sift
Of glorious light; and yet, our brave earth charms;
God mixed its soil unto the very core,
And made it sample of His whole domain;
Tears for the man, as for His acres rain,
And stress, and struggle, poverty and store
For both; then last, at center of it all,
The nascent soul responding to His call.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

THE REASON

Mrs. Whittier—"What delightful manners your daughter has!"

Mrs. Biler (proudly)—"Yes. You see she has been away from home so much.—*Smart Set.*

The Multitude

A Sermon by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Preached at the Opening of the
Tower Hill Summer School for 1914 at the
Emerson Pavilion, Tower Hill, Wis.
July 19, 1914.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY CLINTON HARDER

And there followed Him a great multitude from Galilee, from Jerusalem, Judea and from beyond the Jordan, and seeing the multitude He went up into the mountain and His disciples came unto Him and He opened His mouth and taught them.—Matt. V.

"Multitude" in the vernacular means a crowd. Let us then read, "and a crowd followed Him and seeing the crowd He went up into the mountain and taught them."

What of this crowd?

What was the message he gave to them?

What was the message the crowd gave to Him?

What was the difference between the "crowd" that followed Him from the lakeside up into the mountainside nineteen hundred years ago and the crowds that now await a message and unconsciously carry in themselves a message?

Let us talk a little about these questions. The "crowd" that He saw, the crowd that followed Him cannot be understood by those of us today who are content with our Bible reading alone. With a complacent disregard for the sanctities of history, with a marring of the perspective of the New Testament, the Protestant churches have blindly eliminated a vast and revealing literature that ought to be found between the Old and the New Testaments. These blank leaves represent the most active intellectual, the most significant spiritual and by all odds the most creative literary period in the history of the Jewish people. In round numbers there are three hundred years between the last of Malachi and the first of Matthew of which most of our college graduates are allowed to leave college complacently in supreme ignorance of the importance of this literature; and in blissful ignorance they skip from Malachi to Matthew as though they jumped across a ditch three feet wide.

East and west, Athens, Jerusalem, Alexandria and Rome for three hundred years contended one with the other for supremacy, and in this splendid battle of intellect, in this bitter war of races was born the multitude, the crowd that followed Jesus and out of and for that crowd did He receive and deliver His message.

It is my purpose for the next month in this place to give a series of twenty brief and simple lectures on these neglected pages between the Old and New Testaments.

We are too much in the habit of dismissing this literature as "Apocryphal." The word "Apocrypha" means obscure, hidden. The Protestant churches have left these books out as being of secondary importance. The Catholic Church has kept it in its Bible. The Episcopal Church has preserved it in smaller type and say that it is valuable for instruction but not reliable for doctrine. Those of you who care to wait upon me in these studies the next month will have reason to judge of the soundness of the statements

now being made. I cannot take up the argument this morning. Suffice it to say that in these three hundred years of time the Jewish people probably reached the maximum of their intellectual fertility.

Great things were happening in those three centuries. The Jews had been to school first in Egypt, then under the hard grinding wheels of Nineveh, then under the more benign though incisive influence of Babylon. Some of them had been allowed to come back home under the more tolerant influence of Persia. These had studied as it were at the feet of Zoroaster.

Then a great revolutionary thing happened. Alexander broke the band that bound the classic world of Greece. He led his army tramping through Asia; and Greek thought, Greek culture, Greek art, and the Greek power for one exciting moment held dominion of the known world. These seemed to be on the threshold of universal dominion. The ethics of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the great art contributions of Greece bade fair to become the inheritance of the world. But Alexander in a drunken bout withered and faded in the thirty-second year of his life and the great dream of universal dominion by the most polished and impressive people in the world's history vanished. Then came the long and bitter struggle of races.

Suffice it to say in regard to the "crowd" that gathered on the mountain-side, that in the first place it was a polyglot crowd. Only a part of them talked the Jewish vernacular, the Yiddish of that day. When He went to the temple or the synagogue He heard the sonorous Hebrew read. It was then the holy language of the church. If He mingled with the scholars He heard the language of Socrates spoken. If He dabbled in the politics of the day Latin fell upon His ears, for Rome was the ascendent political power in Jerusalem at this time. Latin was the legal language, Greek was the classic, Hebrew was the holy language and the Aramaic was the common tongue.

Not only this, but that "crowd" was seething with theological unrest, with sectarian antagonism. The Pharisees were the strict ritualists, the disciplinarians. If you keep in mind the difference of time and space, you might call them Presbyterian Jews. The Sadducees, the less ardent followers of the "Law," The "Torah," to the neglect of the prophets, might be called the Unitarians of that day. Then there were the Essenes, a vegetarian, communistic element that had shown themselves true to the higher life; they might be called the Quakers of that day. They believed in the simple and pure life; they had given up the "world" and had gone off by themselves and lived in a community on the shores of the Dead Sea. Then there were what the New Testament calls the "Zealots," who said we must fight and strive for freedom. They might be called the shouting Methodists of that day.

All these were to be found in that crowd that followed Him up the mountain-side. Anywhere from Galilee to Jerusalem was such a mixed crowd possible; fashionable Roman officers and Roman soldiers were most everywhere; the mixed jargon of the common people heard everywhere; this was the idiom used in the home of Joseph the Carpenter and Mother Mary; the classic Hebrew was spoken only by the priests and used only for the holy purposes of the temple.

What a motley crowd! What an incoherent throng!

WHAT DID HE SAY TO THEM? Read the Beatitudes and try to realize how disappointing such a message was to this turbulent crowd. Trying to the extreme must He have been to the dogmatist, irritating to the partisan, unsatisfactory to the theologian, and ominous to the priest, for in that sermon there was not a word about creed or form or ritual. Nothing about temple services, prayers or hymns.

WHAT DID HE SAY? Blessed is the simple life. Blessed are the pure. Blessed are the inoffensive, and blessed, thrice blessed are those who seek after justice and righteousness. That was a message unsatisfactory to the dogmatist then as now. There is here not an accent that justifies schism or bigotry. There is not a word in this sermon that will draw the line between man and his neighbor on the opposite corner. It was an unsatisfactory message that He delivered and His words were irritating. It is hard to resist the temptation to dwell longer upon the character of the message which he gave to the crowd. I like to say "crowd" better than "multitude" because I want to make you realize the nearness of it all, but I have another point or two to make, and so you must work out for yourself the radical quality of this message as tested by creeds or forms on any of the lines that divide the people into rich or poor, learned or ignorant, black or white, orthodox or heterodox, old or young, men or women. There is nothing here that recognizes a line. On the other hand there is nothing here that anyone can evade under the shelter of his creed or the protection of his ritual. His doctrines will not protect him.

If there was a Roman corporal with his squad of soldiers in that vicinity at the time, called upon to preserve order, if he could understand the words, he would have to say: "That means me," and if there was a Greek editor steeped in the philosophy of Plato he would say, "Well, that strikes me." If there was a proud Pharisee wearing his phylacteries on his arm, he would say—well, I do not know what he would say, but he would go away feeling that he had been hit, would he not?

So much for that crowd that gathered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago and followed the footsteps and caught the words that fell from the lips of the son of a carpenter. So much for the message he tried to give them.

WHAT OF THE CROWD ITSELF? Very like the crowds that gather on the banks of our Lake Geneva or any other lake in Wisconsin in 1914 A. D. This much you can say of any crowd, of all crowds. They constitute the bulk of humanity out of which civilization has sprung and progress is to spring. Out of the heart of the "crowd" came the great leaders of the world. Out of the home of a carpenter came the Master Spirit. Luther gathered his pennies as he played his flute as a beggar boy in the streets. Robert Burns was the product of the plow and spent his life in rustic quiet. Lincoln was born in a hut with a clay floor. The great uncounted resources of humanity at any time and at all times are hid in the crowd and most of the triumphs of civilization come from a crowd which you can never label. Nobody can tell you who in-

vented the watch. It is said that McCormick, to whom we give great credit for the reaper, spent much of his life in litigation over his patents and he was generally beaten. He could not make out his title in the court to the inventions which his business energy carved to such successful issues. I am asking everybody I see who has risen to the dignity of an automobilier, "who gave us the automobile?" and I cannot find an answer to my question. Who invented the auto? No one. It is the product of this very crowd that I speak of, the mass that in a co-operative way reaches ideas and ideals that no individual ever can reach. Theodore Parker used to say: "Everybody knows more than anybody." Many know the saying though not so many the origin of it. President Lincoln met his Cabinet when things were dark and said, "I had a strange dream last night. I thought I was in a vast crowd and I was going with them, when I was identified and a woman in that crowd exclaimed, 'Is not that President Lincoln?' and someone said 'Yes,' and she seemed disappointed and said, 'He seems like a very common sort of man.' And in my dream I replied: 'The Lord seems partial to the common people else he would not have made so many of them.'"

The profound psychological fact is that the great precious things are held in common by the "crowd," and you know not how soon that hidden power will burst and bloom into conscious beauty and individual potency. All great men climb up out of the crowd and all the greatest men recognize their source and gladly turn to the crowd again. It is where they feel most at home. There is where they know they belong.

On the anniversary of the seventy-fifth birthday of Victor Hugo there was a great celebration in France. The learned men from all the realm were gathered in person or by letter in Besancon to place a bronze tablet on the home in which the great humanitarian was born. He was too feeble to go, but he wrote them a letter in which he said in effect: "I have done but little, but the humanity to which I belong has done great things. I am but a stone in the road, but the road is a great one, and over this road humanity is moving forward into still greater power and fellowship." Victor Hugo, the great democrat of France, the friend of exiles, the interpreter of the condemned, realized he was but a stone in the road. Tolstoy, when he came to die selected the place for his burial from this story too little known. When a little lad his older brother Nicholas told him that there grew in a certain ravine a tree with a green bark that would teach people ant-philosophy, which was the philosophy of living together in the interest of the community, and so the other little children in the family used to throw a cloth over the table and crawl beneath and play that they were ants where everybody would be equal and all would work for the well-being of the entire community. When he came to die he asked that his body might be buried in that ravine where the green-barked tree grew that he might lie down in the interest of and for the glorification of the "crowd."

"Multitudes" we say on Sunday and with a New Testament accent, when we feel pious about it. Then we wish we were in that multitude addressed by Jesus. Do we wish we were in that "crowd?" Are we willing to lose our identity in the crowd out of which great things are even now being born?

THE CROWD! Let us see if there is any bond that binds these crowds together. In the great democracy of God there are no strangers. People standing on their dignity refuse to speak to those to whom they have not been properly introduced. Let me tell you when you go deep enough into the crowd you go where conscious brotherhood and righteous sisterhood are triumphant.

There are no *classes* in a storm, no wealthy man when the ship is going down. The Canadian capitalist left his uncounted thousands in his cabin and took three oranges with him when he took to the deep as the Titanic was sinking. He knew that it was a time when those oranges were worth more to him than all his dollars, and there came an issue when, as he himself said after the rescue, his dollars would have seemed insolent in his pocket. He was where the fundamentals are. By the side of the cradle, in the presence of the open grave, there are no castes or cliques, no creeds or sects. If you go deep enough you will find the common humanity, and if you climb high enough up the mountain where you catch a vision of what you ought to be you lose all your conceit. From the top of the mount where you can look out on the expanse you gladly recognize that you are a member of the crowd, that you belong to the crowd and you are willing to live in and with the crowd.

So the message which Jesus had to give to the "crowd" on the mountain-side was clearly a message of universal religion, the message of practical ethics, the message of decent living, the message of the Kingdom of God on earth, the message of a redeemed community. He did not say a word about the "next world." He did not say a word about how to be "saved" from Hell or to "win" Heaven. Indeed he seemed to be rather unconscious of Hell and Heaven.

The old battle between the unitarian and the trinitarian theologians is a back number, a past issue. There are more Unitarians in the orthodox churches than out of them. The theologians have given over the discussion, but the sociologist, those who are interested in civic reform, those who are espousing the cause of the working man, are taking fresh interest and writing fresh books about Jesus of Nazareth.

On my shelves are five new books, not one of them written by a preacher, not one of them written in the interest of the creeds. I know some of the authors. Bouck White of New York, the social worker who left the church and the ministry because he found it not conducive to freedom and growth, has written two books within the last two years on Jesus of Nazareth. The first "The Call of the Carpenter," and the other "The Carpenter and the Rich Man." Gerhart Hauptmann, the great psychologist of Germany, has written a novel which he calls "The Fool in Christ," which is his interpretation of his conception of Jesus in terms of modern life. Prof. Leonard of the University of Wisconsin in Madison has written of the "Poet of Galilee" in terms to command the interest of the cultured. Our friend, E. P. Powell, has just put the gospel story in poetry under the title of "He Won the World."

These books encourage us to believe at last the religion of the crowd is beginning to be understood and that the message to the crowd is beginning to be effectively delivered, the Sermon on the Mount is to be adequately interpreted. Out of the crowd come

these great books and greater men. We are begining to secure this religion of the simple life, of the out-of-doors, of the mustard seed, of the sparrow, the religion of the wayside and the waterside.

Many beautiful illustrations and interpretations of this religion were born out of the fading centuries represented by the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments in our Bibles; they were omitted by the ignorance or the bigotry of those who assumed that the Lord of Heaven and Earth spoke only in Hebrew or in Greek. That which was not written in ancient Hebrew or the classic Greek was not considered sacred enough to be bound inside Bible covers. Here in this so-called "Apocryphal" literature we find history, legend, myth, poetry, philosophy and devout prayers and helpful hymns. Most and best of all we find rhapsodies and daring dreams. After all dreams are the most lasting things in literature, the dream is the permanent element in poetry and in philosophy.

So, those of you who can come regularly or irregularly once or twenty times to this room at eleven o'clock five days each week, Saturdays and Sundays omitted, are cordially invited. Come, listen and ask questions concerning this too much neglected literature where the Old Testament prophets and prophecy bloom into stories, poetry and vision, wild and fantastic some of them, but all of them significant and beautiful.

It was in these three hundred years that Alexandria bloomed into its remarkable power. It became the metropolis of the then western world. It was the Chicago and Boston of that semi-ancient time rolled into one. Out of this mixed life of Alexandria sprung much of this literature we are going to talk about.

But whether you come or not, omit if you will the literature that ought to be better known between the Old and New Testaments, still when you read of the "multitude" think of the varying and warring crowds, of the self-aspiring classes and of the sublime rebuke and disappointment that came from a son of a carpenter to a restless crowd on the Mount of Olives twenty centuries ago, when He said that the essence of the holy life lies in the meek and lowly heart, in the pure spirit, in the forgiving mind, in the resisting will.

GOD HATH MORE BEAUTIFUL VERSES

God hath more beautiful verses than mine are,
Far statelier measures. I would I might echo
Their wonderful cadence, but His are not written
Thus, flatly on paper:—a tree or a flower,
A child, and a star,—are His poems. I would
That my verses would live thus, and flutter, and glow
Thus brightly, as His do, and be in themselves.

Wherever I wander, I find poems written:—
That mountain, so stately, and white, and far distant,
My soul finds a rest in its pure isolation,
Its nearness to spirit; and these purple ridges
To whose silence I listen, whose utter and peaceable
Stillness I realize. Th' hillside that seems just
Itself with its weeds and its cactus, its skyline
And Outlook, and "flowers of the sun" keeping summer
In winter. These oak trees so gnarled and well-destined;
These up-soaring smoke-columns, pillars well builded
In evening's still dwelling. This vast hazy sunset
Aglow at its focus, and, facing its beaming,
The whole great beneficent landscape; and even
The cold, pure mountain, remote and beyond it,
Its snow-sides just brushed by its tender suffusion.
But close to me, here, at the fringe of the hill,
The wee brown birds in the weeds twitter happily,
They sing, too, a poem of God, and I
As I listen, become so attuned to these beauties,
This Infinite Goodness, this Love, that I stand here,
A reader of verses created of God.

—*Margaret Troili Campbell.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER *XVI.*

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION. CHANGE IN SOUTHERN SENTIMENT REGARDING SLAVERY. BROWN'S POLICY OF DIRECT ACTION.

The Diary:

May 16, 1857. I returned at 11 a. m. I find Captain John Brown of Kansas here, and his companion, Mr. Thompson of Essex County. 18th. Captain Brown leaves us today for his dangerous destiny in Kansas.

Brown had been busily employed during the winter endeavoring to raise money and procure further supplies of arms. He had presented his cause in public addresses in various places. Once or twice he had found it prudent to conceal himself for a short interval. A price was on his head, $3,000 had been offered for his delivery, and advices reached him that "Uncle Sam's hounds were on his track." He was not interfered with, however, and was now on his way to Kansas again. A hundred Sharpe's rifles had been transferred to his care, to be used at his discretion, and he had ordered a large lot of pikes from an arms manufacturer at Collinsville, Connecticut. There was a lull in hostilities in Kansas, but, in the mind of Brown, the field was not monopolized by Kansas. He believed the lull to be deceitful, knew that slaveholding statesmen had not abandoned the determination to secure another state for slavery, and in speaking of the use to which his pikes might be put, he said that a woman with one of them in her hands might successfully defend her home against slavery marauders. But the plan which, for a score of years, had lain not far in the background of his mind, was in these days rapidly coming to the front, and he was considering a further use of the pikes and muskets. The Supreme Court had rendered its decision in the Dred Scott case, according to which, slavery was so far national that slaves might be taken by their masters into any free state, kept there at the pleasure of their masters, and then, without regard to state laws, returned to the state of the master's residence. Judge Taney's judgment, declares Goldwin Smith,

> was a gratuitous aggression, and an insult to humanity at the same time. . . . If the slave was mere property, his owner might be entitled to take him anywhere. . . . The boast of a daring partisan of slavery might be fulfilled, that the day would come when men might be bought and sold in Boston as freely as any other goods.

Apologists of Judge Taney have endeavored to relieve his fame from a part of the obloquy resting upon it in consequence of the Dred Scott decision, by explaining that the words, "The black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect," were not uttered as an expression of the Judge's own conviction, but as a declaration of the universal judgment of mankind at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. But Taney uttered practically the same doctrine as a part of his own judgment.

"We think," he says, . . . "that they (the descendants of Africans brought into this country as slaves) are not included (in the citizenship of the United States), and were not intended to be included under the word 'citizens' in the Constitution, and *can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States.*"

Judge Taney was a mild-mannered, kindly man, and the corrupting influence of the slave power is shown all the more clearly in his case. Against what must have been the natural instincts of his nature, he had rendered a decision that closed another door of hope to the class to which he himself had alluded as "that unfortunate race." At the bidding of the slave power Judge Taney had still further abased himself. He had falsified history and defamed the Fathers of the Republic when he made the declaration that, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the negro was regarded universally as a thing, a mere piece of property, an inferior order of created nature. By some he was so regarded. But presumably Judge Taney was familiar with the opinions of Washington on slavery, and of Jefferson and of Franklin; men certainly of some influence at the time our system of government was taking shape. The inhuman doctrine quoted by him as justification for an inhuman decision reflected the views of none of the great and generous minds, either in this country or in Europe, in the closing years of the eighteenth century.

The Judge was at pains to say, in the course of his decision, that "It is not the province of this court to decide upon the justice or injustice of those laws." (The laws fixing the status of the negro as above declared.) Was a learned jurist so little versed in the better quality of human nature as to think that, because the court, even the Supreme Court, refused to go into the justice or injustice of a question such as involved the status as men or as chattels of three or four millions of human beings, the people would not do so? In the last resort the people are greater than courts. They are the creators of courts, and retain power over the creatures of their making. In the decade between 1850 and 1860 the slaveholding interests gained three notable victories, each of which not only added fuel to the flame of indignation against their political domination, but enlisted fresh converts to the cause of the slave. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was the first of those notable victories, the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise was the second, and now the Dred Scott decision had made the third. Whom the gods would defeat, apparently, they first flatter with success.

John Brown was not yet through with Kansas, for it was not yet decided that freedom should prevail there; but however the conflict might terminate on the soil of that Territory, it became more evident as the months passed that the South (meaning by "the South," of course, the slaveholding minority of the South) was embarked upon a campaign for the removal of every restriction against slavery in the nation, with the alternative, more and more clearly threatened, of secession in case of any signal arrest of its policy. There was a strong agitation in favor of re-opening the foreign slave trade by the abrogation of the laws which prohibited it and classed it as piracy. Virtually the trade had been reopened, for cargoes of slaves were being run in, and when slave ships were captured by ships of the United States navy, the case against owners and masters failed in the courts. Popular sentiment in the slave states was stronger than the law.

A gradual change had been taking place in the moral estimate of slavery since the earlier decades of the republic. Thousands of men living in 1857 distinctly recalled the time when it was widely believed that the southern states would, of their own volition, follow the examples of the states of the North and make an end of slavery by law. It was remembered that there had been societies in the South for the discussion of means of ridding the states of the institution, and that southern speakers had lamented the evils of slavery in no uncertain language; evils which few of the better class of southerners were disposed to deny. But a change so great as to be revolutionary had come over the southern mind. Less than four years were to pass before a distinguished slaveholding son of the South, Alexander H. Stephens, was to state the character of this change and to defend it in a speech proclaiming slavery as the corner-stone of a new government. And in 1857, the era of apology for slavery on the part of slaveholders, with few exceptions, was as wholly past as it was in 1861. Gerrit Smith, in his speech in Congress against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, recited this discouraging moral slump in southern sentiment with reference to slavery. He said:

The slaveholders of that day (the period in which the Constitution was written and adopted) breathed the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and were captivated by the doctrine of human brotherhood. . . The slaveholders of that day were impatient to emancipate their slaves, and in Virginia, where the number of slaves was so much less than now, they were emancipated, at that period, at the rate of a thousand a year. There were abolition societies in slave states, both before and after the year 1800. Washington and Jefferson were practical emancipationists. . . . All the slaveholders of that day joined with all other Americans in denying it (slavery) new territory, and excluding it from every foot of national territory. All the states at that time, with the exception of South Carolina and Georgia, advocated the anti-slavery policy; and even those two states could hardly be said to be opposed to it. And what, more than anything else should not be forgotten, is that, over the whole length and breadth of the land, slavery was, at that day, a confessed sin—a sin, it is true, that all involved in it had not the integrity to put away immediately—but a sin nevertheless, which all of them proposed to put away, in no very distant future.

Then, pausing in his speech, Mr. Smith proceeded to contrast the sentiment and temper of that earlier time with the ruling mind of the slaveholding South at the time he was speaking.

How striking the contrast! Now, the Bible . . . is claimed for slavery, and now the church and church-ministry, at the South, do nearly all go for slavery. . . . Now slavery is right and the abolition of it wrong. Now the slaveholder is the saint and the abolitionist the sinner.

There was no man in America who any more profoundly appreciated or more duly and truly weighed the significance to the future of the Union of these deplorable changes in the attitude and intentions of the slaveholding South than John Brown. With a prophet's intuition events were forecast in his mind. He had entirely lost confidence in the promise of any except aggressive means of dealing with slavery. It was a favorite declaration of anti-slavery men that slavery is a state of war; that it wages incessant war against human nature and natural right and law and morality and religion. John Brown had long been convinced that a state of war could only be met with any hope of victory by entering the field against it with war's machinery. He did not expect to fight great battles. He projected no invasion of slavery's strong-

holds with an overpowering military force. He fondly and devoutly hoped that in warring against the great enemy of humanity and justice, conquest might be achieved with little bloodshed. But his plan contemplated action in the midst of the slave empire by an armed force, and the gradual augmenting of the force by the negroes whom he meant to emancipate. To carry out his long cherished designs; "designs," said John Brown, Jr., in a letter to Gen. John Cochrane, nephew of Gerrit Smith, February 23, 1878, "entertained by him to my certain knowledge since about the year 1837, when he first made known his plan to his own family;" both money and arms were needed; and this man, who was rich in self-respect and never asked anything of any man for himself, pleaded earnestly for the needs of his cause during the months that he had been in the East; pleaded, one might almost say, begged.

He could not disclose his more far-reaching purpose, of course. He had, however, made it known to Frederick Douglass ten years earlier. He had invited Douglass to his house (he was living then in Springfield) for a conference on matters connected with freedom for the slaves, and had unfolded his plan to him. Douglass saw objections and stated them, but Brown answered them one and all. Douglass had kept counsel, as had others whom Brown had taken into his confidence. And during the intervening years, whatever the particular work in hand, the ultimate undertaking was never for a moment lost sight of.

In his various business engagements, while Brown had an ambition to succeed to make money, it was that he might have means to finance his crowning plan. He lived the most abstemious life, cutting his own subsistence down to the barest necessities, and the life of his household was maintained on the like frugal scale. Wife and children shared his enthusiasm for freeing the bondmen, and willingly partook of the self-denial which he imposed upon himself. Where is there a parallel in history of a whole family, a family of many members, following the lead of its head in plans that kept them always poor, that involved all its members in various hardships, that prevented the establishment for years of any permanent home, that drew them finally to a remote and inhospitable wilderness where winter reigns nearly half the year, and where in everything they were forced to share the privations and the narrow lot of pioneers, and that called upon them to submit to long periods of separation, during which those at home must often be in doubt of the fate of the absent ones, whether sick or in health, wounded or whole, dead or living? It is a marvelous example of complete unison in a lofty and unselfish aim, and forcibly suggests that the admiration bestowed upon John Brown for self-renouncing heroism should be shared to the full with his patient, faithful, worn and suffering wife, and with the children, from oldest to youngest.

But however the family saved and stinted, it was impossible to get together the means for a military campaign, even on the limited scale intended by Brown. Hence the money had to be raised by personal appeal. But Brown had made good friends, willing, capable and earnest friends. And he was now going back to Kansas, to do what he might find to do there; and then, possibly . . . ?

The Diary:

July 24, 1857. Col. Hugh Forbes comes at 11 a. m. on his way to Kansas to assist my friend Capt. John Brown in military operations. I put some money into his hands. I have put some this season into the hands of Capt. Brown. July 25. Col. Forbes leaves us this a. m.

Col. Forbes seems to have been a product of the revolutionary fervor in Europe. He was an Englishman by birth, had seen service under Garibaldi, was brave, soldierly in appearance and of generous motives. On coing to New York he found work on the *Tribune* in some capacity as a writer. Attracted by the reports of the struggle in Kansas against the slaveholding invaders, he formed a plan of going thither and casting in his lot with the free State forces, probably in expectation of being given the leadership, for which, presumably, he felt himself quite competent. Mr. Greeley aided him with money, as did others, and he went to Kansas. Brown considered him a valuable acquisition as he felt the need of a drill master for the members of his Kansas band, and particularly for the men whom he proposed enrolling for the more important design which few as yet knew anything about. Accordingly he engaged him for a year and paid him $600 in advance and set him at work drilling a small force of men at Tabor, in southwestern Iowa. Dr. T. O. Douglass, in his book, "The Pilgrims of Iowa," copies a letter written by a lady, Mrs. C. B. Gaston, from Tabor, about this time, which gives a pretty good picture of a military outpost in time of war. She says:

Stirring times in Tabor now. Pastor John Todd has a brass cannon in his hay mow and another on wheels in his wagon shed. He has also boxes of clothing, boxes of ammunition, boxes of muskets, boxes of sabers, and 20 boxes of Sharpe's rifles stowed away in the cellar.

And so with other houses in Tabor. When houses would hold no more, woodsheds were temporized into bedrooms, where the sick and the dying were cared for. Barns also were fixed for sleeping rooms. Every place where a bed could be put or a blanket thrown down was at once occupied. There were comers and goers all times of the day and night. After battles they were here for rest; before for preparation. Our cellar contained barrels of powder and boxes of rifles, and all around were loaded revolvers, cartridge boxes and bowie knives, and boxes of swords under the bed.

This picture one would imagine was somewhat overdrawn; but Tabor was the point in Iowa whence free State supplies were reshipped to Kansas, and was a point of rendezvous for settlers previous to entering Kansas. And at Tabor, as already stated, John Brown gave Col. Forbes employment drilling his men.

But the European revolutionist became dissatisfied, and in no long time reappeared in the East, charging that the contract for his employment had not been lived up to. His family, save a daughter, were in Paris, and he was in need of money for their support. He wrote letters to leading anti-slavery persons filled with accusations, and in some of them threatening to make revelations to the government of certain plans of Brown's, of which he had become cognizant, unless his claims for money were heeded. As a matter of fact he did make the threatened revelation in an anonymous letter to Secretary of War Floyd, detailing Brown's plan of invasion of Virginia, with Harper's Ferry as the initial point of attack. It was not known that this letter to Floyd had been written until after the capture of Brown at Harper's Ferry; but the correspondence with and about Col. Forbes led to the taking into his confidence by Brown of certain of his most trusted associates on the Kansas Committee.

The Diary:

August 1, 1857. Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass.,

comes. August 7 Mr. Sanborn (a wise and noble man) leaves us this a. m.

Mr. Smith had been drawn to Mr. Sanborn by the latter's interest in the slave and his activity in the cause of a free Kansas. Sanborn was a young man, only two years out of college, but he had thrown himself into the Kansas business with great energy, industry and intelligence. Acting as secretary of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, he had been forward in the labor of raising funds and procuring materials, and was one of six or eight men who took the brunt of the responsibility upon their shoulders. Naturally he had been thrown in contact with John Brown, in whom he thoroughly believed from the first. He stood by the old hero to the last, and is one of the men, long surviving all the others, who were charged with complicity in Brown's treasonable foray at Harper's Ferry, and has the distinction of being the only member of that secret group of Brown's supporters who suffered arrest. Sanborn is the author of the only complete life of John Brown. His intimacy with the subject of his biography, and with the family, and his possession of all the letters and other literary records of Brown, especially fitted him for the task, which is a splendid memorial of loyal friendship. Many persons have written of Brown, expressing conclusions as to his character and career such as they would not have expressed had they taken the pains to read Sanborn's Life before taking hold of their pens. This is an appropriate place for the writer of the present work to acknowledge his own obligations to Mr. Sanborn's great biography, to his very many allusions to Brown in "Recollections of Seventy Years" (Mr. Sanborn's Autobiography), to numerous illuminating references to incidents in Brown's career, the Kansas struggle and the Harper's Ferry invasion, in his regular literary letters in the Springfield *Republican*, and to facts communicated in personal letters. Gerrit Smith's own relations with John Brown were of so close a character, involving him through sympathy to such an extent in the tragedy of his old friend's violent end, that his royal mind became over-clouded and never afterward was able to contemplate calmly the story of the tragedy. This being the case, the light cast upon those relations, in Mr. Sanborn's numerous publications, became of very great value.

F. B. SANBORN.
In His Garden at Concord; 1912.

To recur now to the extract from Gerrit Smith's Diary placed at the head of this section. John Brown had purchased from Mr. Smith land at North Elba on which he had settled, as heretofore stated. Later, during his absence in Kansas, he had enlarged his holdings of land, realizing the risks of his engagement and the possibility that he might not be spared to return to his family, and wishing them to have sufficiently large farms to enable them to live off the products of them. These later purchases had not been wholly paid for. Aware of Brown's financial situation, and feeling that, as he was engaged in service of such momentous importance to humanity and the nation, he ought to be lifted, so far as might be, above keen anxiety for his family's future, a few friends of his and of the cause, in and about Boston, drew up a subscription paper which resulted in the raising of a thousand dollars. With this money Mr. Sanborn, having first made a visit to North Elba to examine the land, came to Peterboro to complete the monetary part of the transaction. In a letter to George L. Stearns, one of the largest contributors to the Brown fund, written after Mr. Sanborn's return to Concord, he thus describes the family of John Brown as he had seen them:

> I wrote to you from Buffalo, I think, telling you of the settling of the business of Captain Brown with Mr. Smith; since when I have been to North Elba and passed a night under his roof. There I found Mrs. Brown, a tall, large woman, fit to be the mother of heroes, as she is. Her family are her two sons and three daughters, one of them a child of three years. One of the sons had been in Kansas; the other was to go with his father this summer, but I think his marriage, which took place in April, may have prevented. Owen is now with his father, and both, I suppose, are in Kansas, for on the 17th of July they were beyond Iowa City with their teams.

A NEW SPINNING SONG

The fillet needs another pearl, the hand another ring,
Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!
What are little hearts that leap or little lips that sing?
Whirl, wheels, and turn, whirl till our whim is won!
Flesh and blood and dusky eyes, childish hearts and gay,
These shall turn the wheels for us, and wither through the day—
Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!

The pinnace needs a swifter wing, the fortress needs a tower,
Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the aching noon!
What if all the woods are green and all the fields in flower?
Whirl, wheels, and turn, stilling the youth-time soon;
Children's strength and children's lives are fuel that we burn,
More shall come when these are gone to make our great wheels turn—
Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the aching noon!

Leisure-time and mirth are dear, flesh and blood are cheap—
Turns, wheels, turn, black in the hopeless night!
What if children break or die the morns we smile in sleep?
Whirl, wheels, and turn, over the hearts once light,
Spinning youth to gold for us, spinning life for bread,
Spinning hope and strength and breath along the endless thread—
Turns, wheels, turn, black in the hopeless night!

The Craftsman. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

THE STUDY TABLE

A Poet of the New Poetry

My friend, C. F. Dole, kindly sent me a copy of the poems of James H. West which has recently been published. The readers of UNITY will not need an introduction to Mr. West. They know he is a poet, sweet, tender, pure, brave, prophetic.

Emerson said of one of Wordsworth's poems that in it there rose "the high water mark of English literature."

May I not say in these simple songs, "The Poems of Human Progress," we have an American Wordsworth without the inversions, involutions and obscurities which mar even the "Intimations of Immortality." Of course in a great poet there must be copper as well as gold, but why it is necessary to have so much dross as Wordsworth and Browning give us, I fail to see.

Moreover, Mr. West's verses are always sweet, clean, innocent, for he never descends into slangy and vulgar phrase as does John Masefield at times. Some may think he does not rise as high as Masefield, who prefers to sing, as he says, "of the dirt, the dross, the dust and the scum" of earth. But I am sure he rises as high as Gibson in his celebrated poem, "Hoops," which I hope UNITY will give us samples of. And his faith in God is as large as that of Wordsworth, while his faith in Man is indomitably larger.

"Not yet Man's sun is set,"

he sings, and

"Good is in store for all the race"

But it is said that first of all a poet should be "artistic," and that he should be shy of those themes which cannot be treated artistically. Now if it is right to tell the truth, then I maintain the poem is the proper place to tell it. And if Mr. West sees the misery, squalor, coarseness, poverty, lust, crime, cruelty, worship of wealth, and reveals them in his illuminating words, has he detracted from the high function of the poet? The new poetry is the poetry of the *real*. It excludes romanticism. But has not the real its "artistic" as well as prosaic side?

The objection will also be made that Mr. West writes "for a purpose." But was not the greatest novel of the world, "Les Miserables," written "for a purpose?" And did not John Masefield write his "Nan" "for a purpose?" Why, then, may not the poem be made the vehicle for a great purpose?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

An Old Messenger in New Dress

The messenger is one of no less standing and affectionate interest than an old friend. Rev. E. P. Powell, who in his latest volume, "He Who Won the World," Boston (*Sherman, French & Co.*), dons his singing robes and retells the New Testament story with the aid of meter and rhyme. There are many passages of true poetic impulse and diction in Mr. Powell's prose writings, especially in the closing chapters of "Our Heredity from God," and we are not surprised that having reached the vantage ground of eighty-two, he should seek, from mingled instincts belonging to the prophet, preacher and poet, to express his latest vision and understanding of things through the medium of verse. This little book is the loving and reverent offering of a mind that has lifted itself above every form of Christological belief to the man Jesus, that image of human love, suffering and moral victory which is the ages' most priceless possession.

"The most glorious God-son,
Who unto us was born the power of love to sever,
And bring the law of love to serve the world forever."

The book contains a series of pictures revealing anew the main incidents in the gospel story. The Annunciation opens with these lines:

"Daughter of Bethlehem, more fair than the lilies that bloom
And weave their fair garments in gold without labor of loom,
Thou shalt bear for the world a sweet blossom of love, so divine
That the ages shall gratefully sing his rich graces and thine.
Yea, thou shalt be held as the mother of God when are dead
All the gods save him whose life for the dying is shed."

There are some good lines in the Wise Men's Lay:

"When shall we find the star-lit soul? Who knows?
Who says all nature feels not human woes,
Nor thrills with one wide joy o'er great souls born?"

Jesus, in his cautious but questioning words to the rabbis, speaks of himself as "a mere lad,

Unformed as yet and ever glad
To sit at wise men's feet....."

He has received much from their wise discourse, and missed much:

"But I do feel a something stirs
My soul that cometh not, great sirs,
From this assemblage."

He hears words of inner counsel from a "Voice, lifeless," whose real nature and presence ever elude his search:

"Ye men of vision who rejoice
In all right knowledge, tell me why
I see not whom is ever nigh?"

Naturally, remembering the writer's passionate love of outdoor life, some of his most poetic passages are descriptive of natural scenes; as in those found under the caption, "Jesus Teaches," which must bring this imperfect review to a close. The book is one which might be made to serve many useful purposes in Bible instruction, with its realistic picture of Galilean life and scenery, and as a helpful guide to the general reader in that larger interpretation of the spiritual life, which all of Mr. Powell's writings have helped us more reverently, as well as more intelligently, to understand.

JESUS TEACHES

The smell of spring 'gan lay in the dew of the softening lawn;
Through the sods came up the red tulip to blush with the blushing dawn.
The farmers, with hands full of seed, went sowing the southern slopes,
And their souls were gladdening with sheaves of unharvested hopes.
Up rose together the songs of lark and of men to the skies;
While the world did grief forget, and death and all miseries.
Then did the Teacher teach from the book that is opened wide
Over the valleys sweet-smelling and over the mountain-side;
And ever the lesson was one of faith in Him who fills
The vales with his wheat and pulse, and covers with barley the hills;
Who cares for the evil as well as the good, and lets run o'er
His bounty to find the sparrow that sings from door to door.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

RESTFUL

Mr. Borem—"Shall we talk or dance?"

Miss Weereigh—"I'm very tired. Let us dance."—*Boston Transcript.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE CONSTANCE CONFERENCE AND THE WAR

Today five of the eight nations that own nine-tenths of the armaments of the world are engaged in destroying civilization. The eighth—our own land—has barely saved itself from what Gen. Wood prophesied would be a guerilla war of fifteen years employing 600,000 American soldiers.

Our salvation came through mediation—a simple common-sense method made acceptable by the action of one hundred men at The Hague in 1899. Another method, one of prevention endorsed by the first Hague Conference, was commissions of inquiry which employed in the Dogger Bank incident prevented war between Russia and England and which, if it had been embodied in treaties between the nations now at war, would have saved this, the worst calamity that the complex, modern world has ever faced. Let us hope that the United States, having secured twenty treaties pledging investigation and a year's delay before hositilities may see that far more than on a fleet, must she rely for defence on now securing such treaties with the remainder of the thirty-five mations who have accepted the principle involved in them.

The meeting of the first International Church Peace Conference opened under tragic auspices. About ninety of the one hundred and fifty members whose attendance was pledged were present in the beautiful Insel Hotel at Constance, Switzerland, which was once a monastery and still preserved its cloisters and vaulted ceilings. Dr. Moxom of Springfield, Mass., Rev. Paul Frothingham of Boston, Bishops Hendrix and Wilson, Dr. Lynch, secretary of the Church Peace Union, Dr. McFarland, secretary of the Federation of Churches, Dr. Merrill, Prof. Batten, Prof. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan were among the thirty Americans present. Dr. Walter Laidlaw of New York, secretary of the New York City Federation of Churches, having been arrested at Cos for photographing an aeroplane, was absent with his companion, but we learned he was subsequently released. Among the English delegates were the Bishop of Litchfield, the Dean of Worcester, Mr. Allen Baker, M. P., and Rt. Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M. P., member of the Privy Council.

The service held Sunday morning at which the venerable Dr. Clifford of London, always valiant and foremost in all reform, and French and German members took part, was something never to be forgotten. At the close the French pastors bade us good-by as summons came for them to cross the frontier at once.

During the lovely summer afternoon a group of Americans, including Mr. Williams from Buffalo, whose organization of the churches there in the peace cause has been notable, and led by Prof. Hull of Swarthmore, walked through the town filled with quiet strollers to the memorial of John Huss, who five centuries ago on this historic spot went heavenward in his chariot of fire.

The smiling children's faces, the flower beds and festooned vines of this earthly paradise beside the shimmering blue lake all seemed a mockery of the horror that was impending. How soon might these happy homes lie in desolation and these peasants swarming to the station for mobilization lie writhing in agony under the hoofs of horses and the oncoming host.

A special meeting was held in the evening, as sudden news had come that if we were to escape before mobilization we must leave the next morning just when our two days' session should have begun. The printed resolutions were passed, brief addresses given, a committee for future work appointed, and the Conference adjourned to London. Calmness, good sense and courage prevailed. No one felt that the long journey had been in vain; all were conscious that this was a historic event and that a great work for the future had been mapped out and begun.

As in pentecostal times each delegate contributed all his money to the common fund and all resolved to keep together and abandon plans for taking refuge right across the border in Switzerland. Word came that the Swiss lacked sufficient food and desired all foreigners to depart.

Through the influence of the Grand Duchess of Baden, an aunt of the Kaiser, who is a warm friend of our cause and had intended giving us a reception, the train, crowded with our delegates and German officers, sped on through the Black Forest and along the Rhine and we were landed safely across the border at two o'clock on Tuesday morning. All trains had been forbidden to pass after midnight, but we were favored and escaped the hardship that thousands have since undergone. The loss of luggage which cannot be claimed until the war is over seemed a small matter even though some of us were left with only the clothes upon our backs. Mobilization is a word that will have a new significance to all of us who saw the marvelous speed, the drastic action which it involved, and the dense ignorance of the public as to everything that was going on beyond our eyes. No news could be obtained except censored reports in papers much dwindled in size. The American "extra" and scare headlines were conspicuous by their absence.

Despite the crowds of cheering children at every station, it was evident that the German people do not want war. In all probability not more than twenty-five men have dislocated the world. The peoples in all lands feel their solidarity and go sadly to their horrid task. It takes no prophet to foresee starvation, revolution and debts too colossal for even our great-grandchildren to pay.

The conclusion of the Conference was in harmony with its beginning. There was no note of pessimism. The English group at once sent out a noble message through the press. At a special meeting of the Americans the message prepared for the Federation of Churches in America, numbering 17,000,000 communicants, was adopted as the substantial expression of the American group.

Prof. Gulick, who came with precious wisdom on the solution of the Oriental problem, spoke in his incisive fashion to a remnant of the Congress.

All felt deep gratitude to Pastor Siegmund Schultze, whose help had made our safety sure, to Dr. Lynch and his most efficient helper, Dr. Nasmyth of the World Peace Foundation, who won golden opinions from all, and to Mr. Carnegie, who offered all financial help needed in this exigency.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

London, August 7, 1914.

NO-LICENSE MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN

The liquor question has been of prime political importance in Great Britain since 1863, when the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson began his campaign in Parliament in favor of local option. In 1880 a general election took place and a large number of candidates elected were in favor of Sir Wilfrid's resolution, which was afterward adopted in 1881 and 1883. In 1891 the Welsh local veto bill passed. These efforts to amend the British licensing laws were all brought to naught because of the attitude of the House of Lords, which has always contained a number of peers interested in the liquor

business. Two general licensing bills restricting the traffic were introduced, one in 1893, and one two years afterwards, but both were withdrawn. In 1904 a licensing act was passed conceding the right of compensation upon the refusal to renew a license.

In 1908 Premier Asquith introduced the third government bill, by far the most advanced legislation dealing with the drink evil ever proposed by the British government. This measure passed the House of Commons by the large majority of 237 votes, but it was once more rejected by the House of Lords. The position taken on this and other government measures brought about a constitutional crisis, ended in 1911 by the curtailment of the powers of the peers.

A National Temperance Convention was held in London on November 13, 1912, with representatives from all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The prime minister received the deputation, but declared he had no power of putting through a general temperance measure.

Meanwhile, the annual per capita consumption in the British Isles has been given by the United Kingdom Temperance Union as 28.17 gallons, or about 30 per cent larger than that of the United States. The figures of 1913 show an increase of 25,000,000 over those of the preceding year. A writer in the London *Daily Mail*, noting the fact that Englishmen are spending on drink a sum equal to four-fifths of the entire national revenue, says, by way of encouragement:

Macaulay reckons that in 1688 the English people consumed ninety gallons of alcohol per head. They now only drink a little over twenty-eight. In 1750 there was one public house to every six homes and to every forty-seven people. Now there is but one public house to every seventy homes and 330 people. Drunkenness, too, besides having virtually died out as a social accomplishment, has steadily diminished among all classes.

A strict licensing bill for Scotland was passed in 1913, granting to that section of the British Isles complete local option for 1920.—From "Europe's Reaction Against Alcoholism." in the *American Review of Reviews* for August.

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THE Biennial Conference of Friends (Liberal) comprising seven Yearly Meetings, will be held in Saratoga, N. Y., beginning Wednesday, Ninth month 2nd, at 2:30 P. M. The sessions, which will be held morning and evening in Convention Hall, will be open to all who care to attend. One or more periods each day will be set aside for Round Tables, which are also open to the public. The afternoons will be given over to recreation.

Some of the features of the program are: Addresses of Welcome, by officials of Saratoga; response by the chairman, Dr. O. Edward Janney. Address by Henry W. Wilbur, "The Spirit That Should Guide Us." One of the Educational sessions will be addressed by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck will portray "A Child-Centered Religious Education." Rural Welfare, by George T. Powell, of New York, and Prof. James E. Robertson, Ottawa, Ont. Child Welfare, Hastings H. Hart, a director of Russell Sage Foundation. Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull.

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GIVING AWAY WINTER CLOTHES IN THE SUMMER

In the August *American Magazine* James Montgomery Flagg, the celebrated wit and artist, does an amusing piece in words and pictures about vacations entitled "Going Away from Here." He says that no matter where you are, whether it's in South Berwick, in New York, or in jail, there comes a time of year when you want to go somewhere else. After describing the preparations that your wife makes for the vacation and those that you make, he goes on, as follows, to describe the pleasant little custom of digging out winter clothes in the summer time and giving them to needy people:

"There is always a needy derelict that you give clothes to each year. It just happens that when you are tired of a certain summer suit of the thickness of mosquito netting this worthy person falls heir to it when the icy blasts of winter start blasting, and on the other hand, it is witheringly hot in the early summer when you are ready to part with a peculiarly thick suit that you have been maliciously saving for just this occasion. You give him some extra heavy underclothes in which the most cold-blooded explorer could be more than overheated at the suburbs of the North Pole—even if he cast aside his bearskin cutaway and pants! So when you pass your beneficiary in the stifling street, dolled up in your things, he bows to you—he can't trust himself to speak—he bows to you gratefully but reproachfully, trying heroically to keep the expression of bloodlust out of his eyes, as the perspiration rolls like a cascade down his purple face."

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